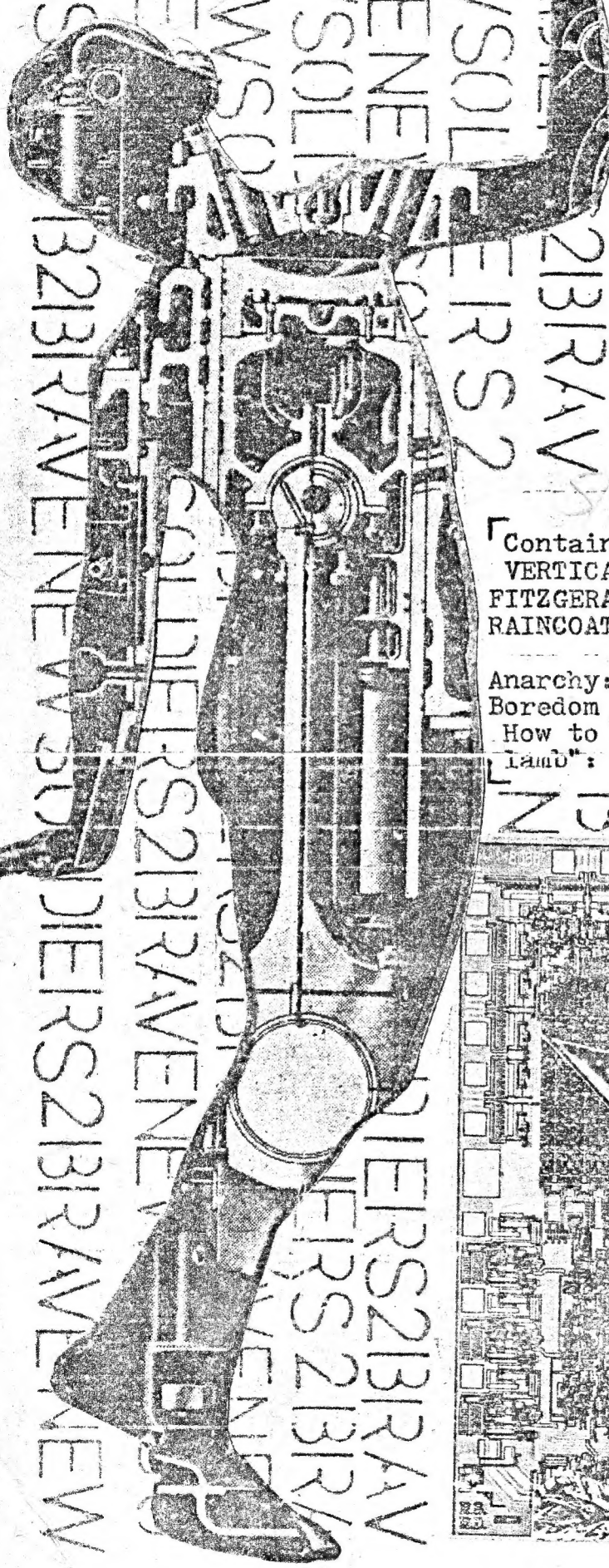
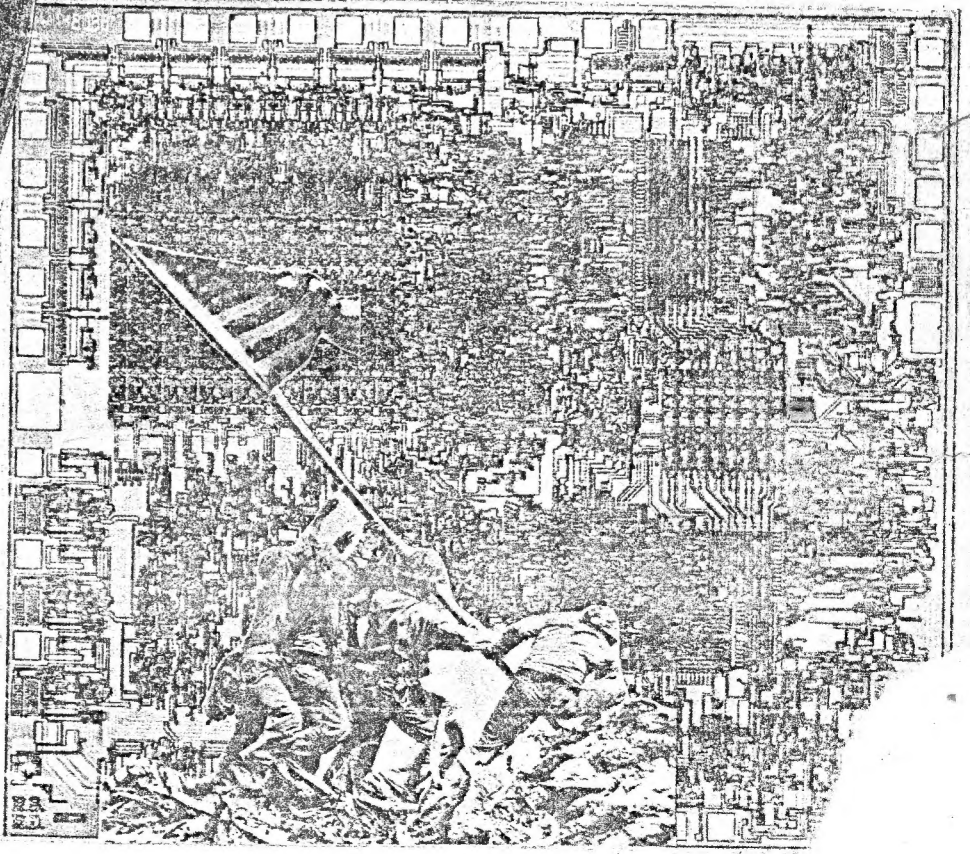


BRAVE NEW SOLDIERS SECOND SOLDIERS

Contains bits and pieces on -
 VERTICAL HOLD:EXIT 22:VINCENT UNITS:PATRIK
 FITZGERALD:ON THE OUTSIDE:ORANGE CARDIGAN:DAF:
 RAINCOATS:POP GROUP:ENTIRE COSMOS:WOLFHOUSES::
 +
 Anarchy:Rock against bloodsports:Rock Against
 Boredom In Eastern Suburbs:Tory Government:
 How to play guitar:Sci-Fi Story:"Curly the
 lamb":



BR4VE NEW SOLDIERS NO.2

STAFF ALISON STODDART (19) MIKE EDMONDSTONE (19) DAVE CALLAHAN (16) JUDY CLARKE (16) + STEPHANIE BOIVIN (16).

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L

EFFORTS

BLOCK

HEY, YOU, HORRORFACE!!

WE CAN SIT AROUND AND TALK ABOUT THE WEATHER AND PRETEND WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY OR WE CAN REACH OUT AND SNATCH AT AN OPPORTUNITY TO EXPRESS OURSELVES IN AN AVAILABLE WAY (THAT'S ALMOST POETRY INNIT?). WE FEEL WE'VE GOT SOMETHING OR OTHER TO SHOUT ABOUT AND WE WANT YOU TO LISTEN. TEN, THOUGH LIKE MOST PEOPLE OF OUR AGE, WE AIN'T QUITE SURE WHAT WE'RE ANGRY ABOUT...YET! THAT'S NOT TO SAY THAT THIS RAG IS JUST AN OUTLET FOR OUR FEELINGS, SOME OF US JUST ENJOY WRITING OR DIG THE SMELL OF INK ON OUR FINGERS. ANYWAY IT BUGS US IF WE FIND THERE'S NO REACTION TO WHAT

AGGRESSION

EXTERNAL

DIRECT

INDIRECT

INTERNAL

JUST POSSIBLE

CHANGE GOALS

EASY

CHANGE MEANS

DIVERSION

EVASION

PHYSICAL

MENTAL

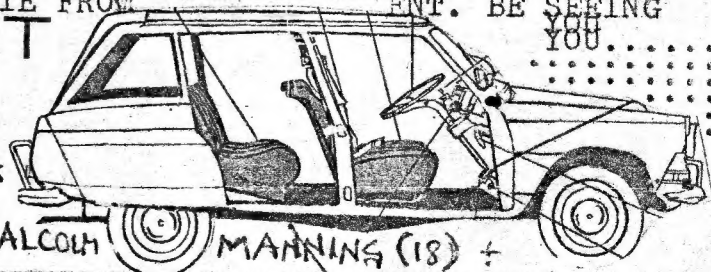


Aggression: is a very common response to frustration and it may take an obvious form of physical or verbal attack on the apparent direct source of the frustration. On the other hand there may be very good reasons why an individual will avoid attacking the obvious cause and attack an indirect victim such as a subordinate or someone outside the department, or even take the aggression back home and take it out on the children, one's husband or wife, or even the dog. Alternatively one may bottle up one's feeling of aggression and create a kind of internal turmoil. Diversion: this may lead one to change the goal that one is seeking and a positive approach will be to recognise the blockage as a form of feedback and modify one's goals into some that are difficult but attainable. A less constructive response, however, would be to rationalise the situation and settle for an easy goal. Alternatively one may try and get round the block by instituting some form of lateral thinking or other problem solving device in order to change the approach to the objective and thus circumvent the blockage.

WE'VE SAID, AND THERE ISN'T MUCH TO ANY FANZINE EXCEPT THE BIGGEST (I S'POSE THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE PUNK AND THE GODFATHER ISN'T IT?) SO WE CAN ONLY EXPECT REPEAT WHAT WE SAY LATER: DON'T SHOW YOUR APATHY, IT'S EMBARRASSING, YOU KNOW, WRITE AND SUSS US OUT, OR EVEN WRITE AN ARTICLE (ENCOURAGING AIN'T WE?), SWAP IDEAS, OR HELP TO HELP THE LOCAL SCENE PROGRESS - IT IS YOUR LOCAL SCENE, AFTER ALL. FANZINES AND SMALL GROUPS KEEP MODERN MUSIC HEALTHY IT'S UNDENIABLE SO DON'T LET US DIE FROM DISSAPPOINTMENT. BE SEEING YOU

CONTRIBUTORS

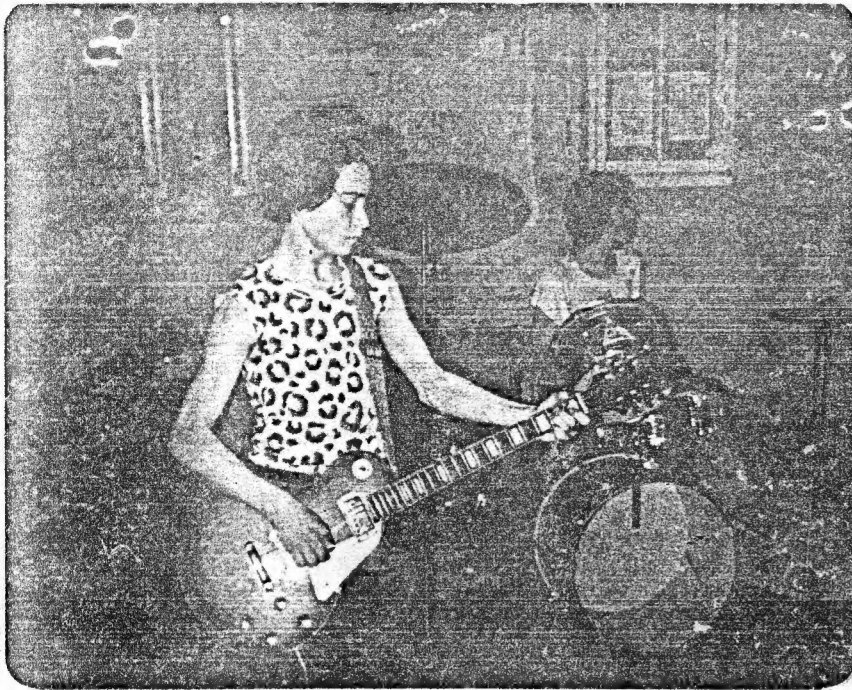
LESLEY STEPHENS (17), STEVE HEDACHE (20+ and that's a big plus) PATRIK FITZGERALD (24) + MALCOLM MANNING (18) +



Evation: this can be physical in the sense of leaving the course of the frustration by walking out, by resigning one's job or alternatively, the evasion may be mental by switching off or by displaying apathy./

PAUL CALLAHAN (14) + MARK TILSON (in his 20s?)

KEEP IN LINE!



(above) l-r Mark + Steve; (right) George. Pix by Paul Callahan.



VERTICAL HOLD

Vertical Hold ARE:-

Vince "Leg" - head guitar + vocals

Steve George - Drums

Mark Routledge - Guitar + a few backing vocals

George - Bass + Sherlock Holmes pipe.

SITTING 6 PEOPLE IN AN AVERAGE-SIZED BEDROOM CAN HAVE ONE OF TWO EFFECTS:- IT CAN CREATE A TENSION AT THE LACK OF INDIVIDUAL TERRITORY OR, AS WE THE 3 INTERVIEWERS WERE TO FIND, IT CAN LEAD TO A PERSONAL ALMOST INTIMATE ENVIRONMENT.

The three of us were here amongst the pyjamas and cigarette stubs to interview two members of Vertical Hold, a 'punk' band from this dear old town of Romford. Armed confidently with a tape recorder and a short list of direct questions, we felt relaxed with the thought that anything that would be said could be used at a later date.

Alas, we poor, misguided fools made one initial mistake which was to cause confusion later on: if you interview, you ask all the questions which are relevant and related to the band first and after this has been completed, you turn

off the tape and carry on, if you feel the need, to discuss such matters as the Anti-Nazi League/people you know but your readers would not and other such relevant/irrelevant issues. To say that we wandered off into tangents would be an understatement. It was not, though, to be a futile occasion by anybody's standards, and so it is my job to explain about the band.

Sitting opposite Steve George and Mark Routledge (drums + guitar respectively) it is obvious that the band have strong 'old wave' punk influences: the clothes are bright and torn, and Steve George's hair is circa '77-type dyed (last time I saw him it was black). We asked them what kind of music they were into and discovered that their clothes typified the image they wished to express on stage. It was no surprise that the Pistols, Damned and Stranglers were bands that were reminisced about, but, it was to Steve George's credit that he admitted having liked + still liked such unhip bands as Pink Floyd and Status Quo. UK Subs and Crass came up as being good bands of today. What did they think of the way punk was going? What would they say to the people

Vertical movement

who delight in saying that punk is dead. The answer was positive and quick - "FUCK OFF!" They admitted that punk had changed direction but no way did they see the movement as finished. The band had been through so reforms and arguments within the band that it and catastrophes them by now, then lot to break them apart as a group. Maxim that any up an instrument - admitted quite freely. Started they were throughout all, they and were getting time. They at manager who seen them when and going wrong.



MARK + STEVE

Pic: Paul C

The next major question was no new us nor anyone else who had even a remote interest in music - gigs, venues and violence. Everything that was said simply reaffirmed what we as interviewers already knew. The band wanted a local following and a place to develop their music locally, but there was nowhere. A list of places was mentioned but were ruled out by a number of factors, the most common and important being violence. We consequently, as seemed inevitable in any conversation that had reached this stage, began to talk about violence locally and gigs in London which weren't the hardest to piece together. All of us or us had witnessed or beaten up or had ment ourselves. The of many we had had thing was that none with positive answers action would work. members of Vertical had no great ambitions played exclusive gigs and prices. Just how big fed a division of in fact they were divided but it didn't seem to amiable arguments. The at times was loud + issue which we all of laughter ran through intervals but for joyous occasion, the down quite dramatic subject came up.

actions and answers knew the problem, all friends being threatened conversation was typical before, but the sad of us could come up which went set into



Steve + Mark

Pic: V. Hold.

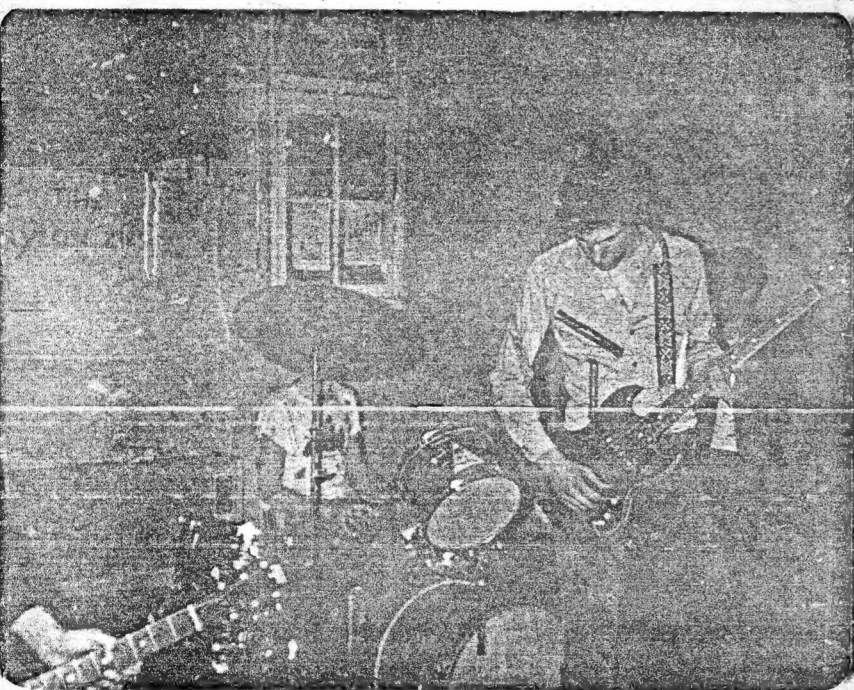
The two Hold we interviewed to be great heroes, charging extortionate they wished to be caution between them. over quite a few things cause a tension, more noise in the room electric, mainly over agreed upon. Ripples the room at frequent from being an all atmosphere sobered ally when a serious

We asked their views on the Mod movement. Vertical Hold did not have much faith in the movement and they gave it a limited amount of time to survive. They also felt a repellant attitude to the way that everybody dressed the same and were en masse. We asked if they thought that

punk '76-'77 style had become devoid of individualism; wasn't the dress style and attitudes sterile and repetitive? Wasn't it time to move on keeping the principals but musically experimenting, going forward so as not to become it's own coffin and have the accusation made that the 'movement' says nothing, was safe within it's own limitations and therefore had become like any other ideal before it? It was agreed that bands had to move on and that the bands had divided into two sections for the '80's: UK Subs/SLF/Upstarts on one side and The Fall/Pop Group/Gang of Four on the other.

It would be unfair on my part to the readers to say whether Vertical Hold are a good band on stage or not, because, ~~unlike the rest~~ I have never seen them play (see below for gig review). If their ideals and excessive energy catching, that is, if they get a chance to play. Whether their carefree attitudes — "I like hippies! They're great! My uncle's a hippy!" Steve George — applies to the other 2 members of the group I don't know but as they talked and argued like all of us, they were at the mercy of the big, bad world.

APOLOGIES TO VERTICAL HOLD FOR NOT WRITING ON ALL THE TOPICS COVERED BUT IF YOU HEARD THE TAPE YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND THE PROBLEMS. ALISON



(above) Mark's hand, Steve with head missing, George with fag and Mark ex-singer^{Paul C.} (right) Mark, Vince and Steve attempt to ignore George's silly pipe (pic - V. Hold).

VERTICAL HOLD + THE WOLFHOUNDS HATFOLD WOOD - 77 CLUB.

NEVER A GOOD SIG THIS PLACE BECAUSE THERE IS NO STAGE, JUST CHAIRS TO SEPARATE THE AUDIENCE FROM THE ENTERTAINER (A NICE CONCEPT BUT POXY IN REAL LIFE!).

FIRST ON WERE MY BAND THE WOLFHOUNDS (OUR FIFTH AND WORSE SIG), BUT, BECAUSE I CAN'T BE OBJECTIVE, I SHALL JUST SAY THAT WE WERE TERRIBLE THAT NIGHT.

VERTICAL HOLD HAD BROUGHT ALL THEIR FRIENDS DOWN BECAUSE IT WAS A LOCAL SIG AND IT WAS MORE ENJOYABLE BECAUSE OF THAT FACT. BEST NUMBER, AS ALWAYS, WAS 'EXTINCT', BECAUSE OF IT'S SUBJECT

MATTER AND FRESHNESS AND ORIGINALITY; TO LOOK AT, YOU MIGHT THINK V. HOLD ARE JUST ANOTHER THRAHALONS PUNK BAND, BUT BECAUSE THEY USE OPEN CHORDS INSTEAD OF POWER CHORDS, THEIR SOUND HAS A NICE, JANGLY TEXTURE AT TIMES. THE NEW SINGER, VINCE'S VOICE GRATES AT TIMES BUT OTHERWISE HE SINGS ALRIGHT, AND STEVE'S THUDDING DRUM STYLE IS ALSO IMPROVING. GOOD SONGS INCLUDED 'IRON MAIDEN' AND A SONG WHOSE TITLE I CAN'T REMEMBER ABOUT NUCLEAR POWER, + "PRISON." "ICID" THE UK SUBS BEST NUMBER, WAS DONE QUITE WELL AND BEST MOMENT WAS WHEN THEIR OLD SINGER, MARK, CAME ON TO SING "PRETTY VACANT." NO WAY ARE V. HOLD AMAZING BUT THEY'RE SOO FUN AND PROMISING
DAVE

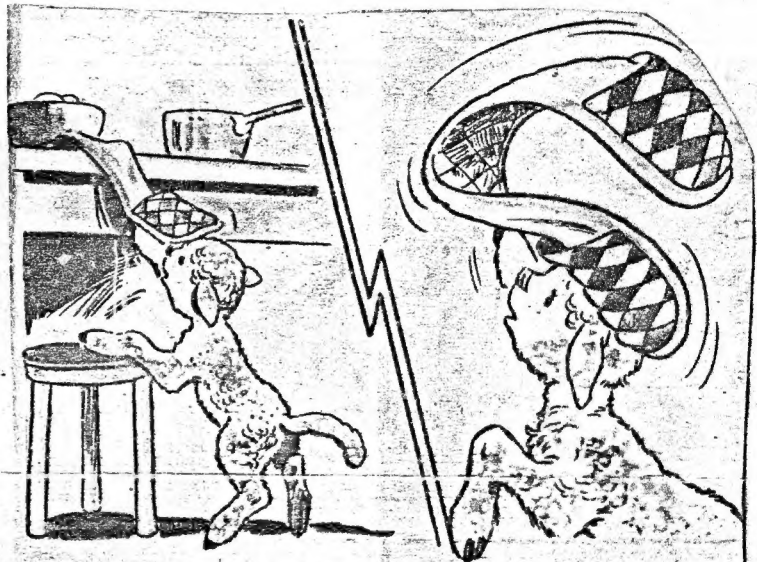
Curly



1 — Mary Smith owns a little lamb called Curly. One day, Mary met a neighbour with her basset hound, Wilfred. "I wish Curly had floppy ears like that," laughed Mary.

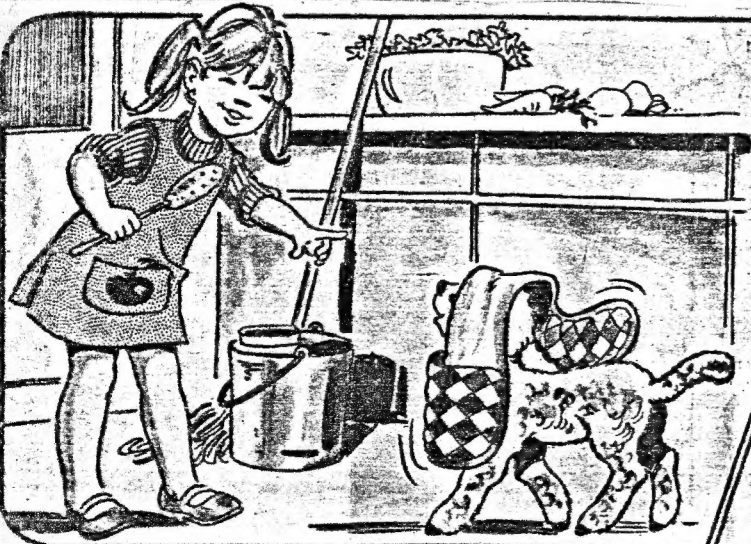


2 — Later, Mary helped Mummy to bake some cakes. Curly went to fetch the oven-gloves to take the cakes out of the oven.



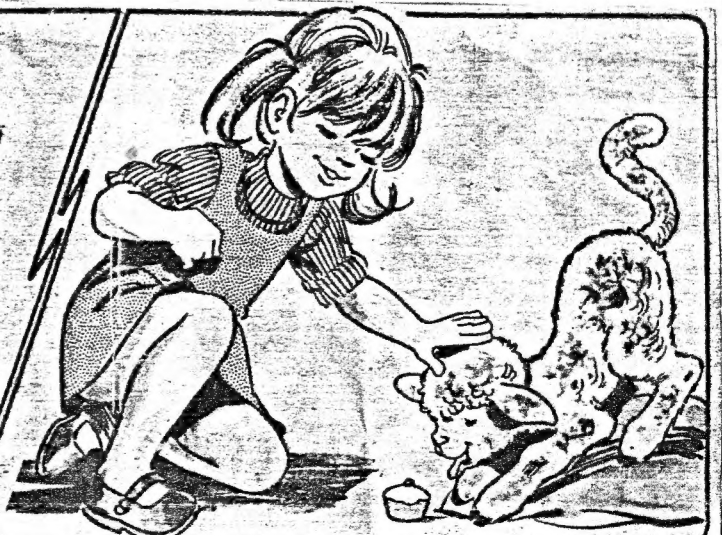
3 — The oven-gloves were on the table. Curly reached up to pull them down and flop — they landed on the lamb's head!

HUNT SABOTEURS ASSOCIATION, P.O. BOX 19,
TONBRIDGE, KENT.



4 — When Mary saw what had happened, she said, "Your long, floppy ears make you look just like Wilfred, the basset hound."

© "TWINKLE."



5 — As a reward for making her laugh, Mary CUT UP CURLY AND PUT HIM IN THE POT. LATER ON THEY ATE HIM WITH MINT SAUCE

R^CK A^AN^T L^OS^OT^S B^OD^PR^TS 19, oxford avenue, southampton, hants.

'ROCK AGAINST BLOODSPORTS' CAME ABOUT AS A RESULT OF A LIGHTHEARTED DISCUSSION BETWEEN DAVE SINGER (OUR PRESS OFFICER) AND MYSELF, ABOUT ALL THE 'ROCK AGAINST SOMETHINGS' WHICH WERE SPRINGING UP IN THE SUMMER OF '78 FOLLOWING THE SUCCESS OF R.A.R. WE WERE BOTH INTO THE HUNT SABOTEURS AT THE TIME, AS ACTIVE "SABS", AND ONE OF US SUGGESTED FORMING A ROCK AGAINST BLOODSPORTS. WE LAUGHED FOR A WHILE, AND THEN DAVE SUGGESTED IT TO H.S.A. HEADQUARTERS, WHO WROTE BACK SAYING IT WAS A GREAT IDEA, SO, ALTHOUGH NOT ENTIRELY CONVINCED, WE DECIDED TO TRY AND ORGANISE SOMETHING.

WE STILL WEREN'T VERY SERIOUS, AND THOUGHT THAT IN A COUPLE OF MONTHS WE COULD GET TOGETHER A HUGE FESTIVAL/CARNIVAL IN OUR HOME TOWN OF SOUTHAMPTON, BUT WE ENCOUNTERED REALITY WHEN THE SOUTHAMPTON CITY COUNCIL REJECTED OUR PROPOSALS ON THE GROUNDS OF THE NUMBER OF COMPLAINTS FOLLOWING AN R.A.R. OPEN AIR WHICH HAD TAKEN PLACE SOME TIME BEFORE. DUE TO THIS AND OTHER COMMITMENTS, WE LET THINGS SLIDE A BIT, UNTIL ANOTHER LOCAL SABOTEUR, GREG HARRIS, BECAME INVOLVED. GREG HAD A FORTE FOR BULLSHIT, AND BETWEEN JANUARY AND AUGUST '79, HE GOT US A MENTION IN N.M.E. AND OTHER MAGS, AND PEOPLE BEGAN TO CONTACT US, EXPRESSING INTEREST. WE HAD A COUPLE OF SMALL GIGS IN SOUTHAMPTON TO INTRODUCE OURSELVES, AND BEGAN TO ORGANISE A LIST OF CONTACTS IN LARGE TOWNS, WHO WOULD ORGANISE GIGS THEMSELVES ON OUR BEHALF.

IN AUGUST, GREG LEFT ON A TRIP TO INDONESIA, AND BACK TO THE U.K. OVER LAND, AND WE DON'T EXPECT TO SEE HIM AGAIN UNTIL ABOUT JULY 1980. JUST BEFORE HE LEFT, WE GOT OURSELVES AFFILIATED TO THE HUNT SABOTEURS ASSOCIATION, AND SOON AFTER THERE WERE A FEW R.A.B. GIGS IN LONDON, ROMFORD AND CROYDON. THE MOVEMENT WAS GROWING HEALTHILY, AND WE NEEDED TO ORGANISE OURSELVES A LITTLE BETTER, SO WE FORMED A SOUTHAMPTON-BASED EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE WITH FIVE MEMBERS, TO RUN THE NATIONAL CO-ORDINATING SIDE, AS WELL AS ORGANISING GIGS IN SOUTHAMPTON.

WE NOW HAVE BETWEEN FIFTEEN AND TWENTY LOCAL CONTACTS UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY, AND VERY ACTIVE GROUPS IN LONDON, ROMFORD AND CROYDON.

WE'RE NOT EXCLUSIVELY INTO R&B, PUNK, MOD, HEAVY METAL OR ANYTHING ELSE; ANY BAND WHO IS WILLING TO PLAY FOR US FOR FREE, OR FOR EXPENSES ONLY, AND IS CAPABLE OF ATTRACTING ENOUGH PEOPLE TO MAKE US A PROFIT, IS WELCOME TO CONTACT US, AND WE WILL GIVE THEM A GIG IF WE CAN. WE ARE ALL FOR PROMOTING NEW TALENT.

OUR MAIN AIM IS TO SPREAD THE WORD ABOUT THE ANTI-HUNT CAUSE, AND HOPEFULLY TO GET PEOPLE TO JOIN THE HUNT SABOTEURS AND/OR THE LEAGUE AGAINST CRUEL SPORTS, WHILST RAISING MONEY TO SUPPORT THESE ORGANISATIONS. THE HUNT SABOTEURS FAVOUR NON-VIOLENT DIRECT ACTION TO STOP HUNTS KILLING WILD ANIMALS, WHILST THE L.A.C.S. CARRY OUT A LONG-TERM PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN IN AN EFFORT TO BAN ALL FORMS OF HUNTING WITH HOUNDS. ALSO, R.A.B. STILL HAS HOPES OF ORGANISING A BIG FESTIVAL.

ANYONE WISHING TO HELP R.A.B. IN THE ROMFORD AREA, PLEASE CONTACT BRAVE NEW SOLDIERS, OR FURTHER AFIELD, PLEASE WRITE TO OUR SOUTHAMPTON H.Q. ANYONE READING THIS WHO HAS ALREADY HELPED US IN ANYWAY, FANX AND KEEP IT UP!

Further details from:- ROCK AGAINST BLOODSPORTS
19, Oxford Avenue, Southampton.

LEAGUE AGAINST CRUEL SPORTS HUNT SABOTEURS ASSOCIATION
P.O. Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent. P.O. Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent.
1, Reform Row, London N17 9TW.

MARK TILSON - R.A.B. Secretary.

EXIT 22



L-R: MIKE, BRAD (EX-DRUMMER),
DANNY, STEVE.

EXIT 22 were formed about May last year by two ex-members of Headache (Danny and Steve), Romford's most well-known punk band. Onstage they present a powerful front, mostly due to Steve's crashing powerchords and the solidness of the rhythm section. Danny's vocals fit their music quite well, and most of their songs are self-written, the better ones being the newer ones, like "All About Love" concerned with impractical housewives. They kept a few numbers from the old Headache repertoire ("Nice Girls"

"Too Old To Tell") but are now able to discard these in favour of the new songs, though, oddly, they still keep a couple of cover versions ("I Can't Explain", "Midnight To Six Man", "Chelsea Nightclub"). Their influences are obvious - Who, Stones, early seventies pop, punk etc - and they bring them together to produce a powerful, sometimes exciting, tight, but not over-original sound. It seems hard to label them apart from the all-embracing "Modern pop group," and yet you can tell where they're coming from and what they're about. Gigs have been reasonably regular for a small

band, the biggest yet being at the Music Machine, third on the bill to the Nips and the Purple Hearts. They still play locally fairly often though, and have played with most of the other local groups around. Record deals have remained elusive and Exit 22 are considering a small label, or even financing their own record. They manage themselves, and want to make a career out of their music.

PHALLIKSYMBOL OF THE WEEK



CAN YOU GUESS WHO THIS ISSUE'S HOST WITH THE MOST IS? THIS ISSUE'S FAG COMPETITION STEM FROM THE PIC OPPOSITE AND IS A REAL WHANSWER! CORRECT ANSWER (THE FIRST ONE) GETS A FREE BNS 3, WHATEVER WE SAY, MR. X SEEMS TO HAVE A FIRM GRIP ON THE SITUATION!



ROMFORD

MUSICAL NOTES CAN YOU HELP?

Jimmy pulled on his straight legged jeans, and shrugged into his leather jacket emblazoned with badges showing the names of his favourite bands. It was 6.30 on a Saturday night. Jimmy carefully placed a single on to his record player and took some money from his money box; then it occurred to him - if he spent this money to go and see his favourite band in London he would be broke for the rest of the week! Jimmy took off his jacket and lifted the record from the stereo. He stood still and stared into space. He sat down on the bed and picked up his guitar, beginning to strum the only three chords he knew in different orders, changing the rhythms. There was nowhere to go in Romford, nothing to do, and it seemed like his world had ended...

BUT THERE COULD BE AN AWFUL LOT HAPPENING IN ROMFORD. THERE ARE NOW MORE BANDS IN EXISTANCE IN THIS AREA THAN THERE WERE IN 1978. 1979 MUST HAVE BEEN THE DEADDEST YEAR FOR ROCK MUSIC IN HAVERING EVER. THE ONLY BANDS TO KEEP THE LIVE MUSIC FLAG FLYING IN '79 WERE THE NYLON ZIPS, AVARICE, EXIT 22, WOLFHOUNDS AND VERTICAL HOLD - THESE WERE FEW & FAR BETWEEN AND HOW MANY OF YOU ACTUALLY WENT TO ONE OF THESE GIGS? IN ALL FAIRNESS I SHOULD MENTION THE WINDMILL, BUT THAT WAS HARDLY A SUCCESS WAS IT? THE COUNCIL WON'T DO ANYTHING FOR US, THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN DO IT ARE OURSELVES. BUT HOW?

ment by Lord Belstead, Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Home Office, BBC and Independent Broadcasting Authority members intend

ROMFORD girl Pauline topping rock reggae

I'LL TELL YOU HOW. THE ONLY WAY TO GET ANYTHING DONE ROCKWISE IN HAVERING IS FOR ALL THE ORGANISATIONS, BANDS AND PUNTERS TO STICK TOGETHER AND KEEP IN CONTACT. YOU CAN DO THIS THROUGH "BRAVE NEW SOLDIERS" BECAUSE BY CONTACTING US YOU CAN GET THROUGH TO Rock against boredom in eastern suburbs, Rock against Bloodsports, Exit 22, Wolfhounds, Vertical Hold, ETC. AND WE CAN HELP EACH OTHER BY EXCHANGING IDEAS, LENDING EQUIPMENT, OFFERING GUIDANCE AND GENERALLY BEING POSITIVE.

music world buzz but, as Pauline herself

IT WORKS BOTH WAYS- YOU ARE HELPED BY THE BANDS, ORGANISATIONS AND OTHER PUNTERS AND IN TURN THEY ARE HELPED BY YOU. SO, IF YOU'RE IN A BAND PLEASE CONTACT US, OR IF YOU'RE JUST A CURIOUS FAN OR KNOW OF A HALL WHICH MIGHT BE USEFUL FOR GIGS GIVE ME (Dave) A RING (ON INGREBOURNE 49809) OR EVEN WRITE TO BNS.

LOOK WHO'S coming to

THE BANDS:- Vertical Hold, Orange Cardigan, Exit 22, Little Roosters, Purple Hearts, Wolfhounds, Mouldy Toupes, The Times, Blue Paranoia, On The Outside, The Face (Not all these bands are helpful, but if you're not on this list perhaps you'd like to be?)

25p Within six months they had their own single in

THE FANZINES:- "Brave New Soldiers" (ADDRESS ELSEWHERE IN THESE PAGES) also:- "CRASH SMASH CRACK RING" c/o Beaver, 61 Avelon Road, Rainham, Essex RM13 7DH.

Coventry clubs with their first nationwide tour

THE ORGANISATIONS:- ROCK AGAINST BLOODSPORTS - contact through Brave New Soldiers.

ROCK AGAINST BOREDOM (R.A.B.I.E.S.) c/o Malcolm Manning, 81, Plumpton Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

to record a B-side for I used to live in Rom

WOLFHOUNDS:- PHONE DAVE OR MALC ON ABOVE NUMBERS.

I HOPE I SEE YOU AROUND!

children as the writer of Queens' Christmas shows like Cinderella. Also appearing is cabaret star Sally Miles, daughter of Lord Bernard Miles.

Pete Townshend of

AS THE crippled vessel grew dimmer in the distance, the words of the commander occurred to me again - "For what purpose?". Why does man have to go on insanely killing himself in the exploration of space? Bitterly the realisation came to me that man needs to explore, without exploration he cannot exist, and then I saw commander Paul Davidson grasping at my arm on his last breath, and I choked on my words the image now gone from my mind.

WHY DOES man choose to explore the unknown in preference to the safe arms of Mother Earth? I wondered at the insanity of mankind, after all, who would not mock madmen who would risk their lives, oblivious to the tranquility and peace available in their land. Space is a deadly recreation ground, murderer of many innocent men from this world and others. THE UNIVERSE and its mysteries have intrigued men for many centuries, its deadly hazards leaving man like a child in a maze, never knowing the right course to take to find safety and a solution. Man, the eager race, all too ready to probe into outer space before the exploration of his own space has been completed. Humans live in but one cabin of a vast galleon, never looking to the lower decks, but rather stepping outwards towards the skies, where only explicit knowledge can maintain a safe lifeline.

I FLOATED now in space, truly alone, for a moment I searched for God, I now truly appreciated the Viking explorers and the faith they had found in their Norse gods. I hoped that He kept a vigilant watch over me. Did it really matter though? In life I found no purpose, this mortal lived a life programmed centuries before birth, my life brought limited happiness, I needed true harmony and a purpose. This I felt I might discover in solitude, I needed to escape my own world. Perhaps in death I might discover the true purpose in my past identity.

+++++

COMMANDER DAVIDSON was also a man who believed in freedom. Often we talked of how we would journey to a new world, find new people and begin life again, escaping the state and their programmed missions. We really meant this, and yet a loyalty and self-sacrifice remained in us to serve mankind. I believed that one day we would escape society. Now, my escape was a hopeless dream. Earth tormented me, could I ever escape her grasp, even when over 5,000 million miles away from her. ALL THAT was left for me was a useless existence, and I was bitter at the fact that I no longer even had the courage to take my own life. The pitiful side of me looked for salvation; I wondered why I had been saved when Davidson had died, perhaps somebody was mocking me in my despatch.

I BELIEVE in fate, and that each mortal has his life chartered like chapters in a book. The commander had shown me my fate drifting in a never-ending universe of silence. Checking my shuttle-crafts life-support system, I discovered that I had less than an hour to live. Oh! What irony! - I had thousands of years left to me perhaps before someone found me.

AS I reflected in my coffin, I was suddenly alarmed by a light of great brilliance that penetrated my sensitive eyes. Looking forward, I saw a pulsating light which was not a star. From what I could make out, as I approached, it was some sort of vessel, and one of quite some size. Intuition told me to make the slightest of course changes, to bring myself in line, and perhaps then to give myself some hope of survival. Or perhaps a chance for somebody to shatter my hopes and expectations once again, feeling it better for me to die now. As I approached my curiosity increased. I was stunned by brilliance of this craft, my estimation was that it was at least a mile in length, and I wondered at the masterful technology that had constructed it. Moving towards this unknown entity, I felt great remorse - how it reminded me of my own people's space-stations, technical wonders, refuges for escape and enterprise. I checked on my video-scanner for a docking-point. Little observation was needed, though, as a panel in front of me slid open, leaving me only to cut my

engines and glide inwards.

AFTER PRELIMINARY atmospheric checks, I emerged to be met by an opening I stepped out of the immense hangar, on to a network of suspended bridges. Each path seemed to stretch for miles, but my walk seemed to last but a fleeting moment. Such was my new found eagerness at wonders which intrigued my imagination. Perhaps life could be found her.

AS I WALKED onwards, I looked at the constructions on either side of me, and imagined myself as a pawn in a universal chess game. Entering into yet another corridor, I found myself amongst a complex outlay of computers and information in the form of scripts and videotapes. Instantaneously, I peered upwards to see before me an unrecognizable space-craft; transfixed, I watched in horror as a directed beam struck from somewhere totally destroying the ship. I stood dazed, puzzled as to why this event might have taken place.

+++++

IN SEARCH of some answers, I placed on to a machine at random and listened to story that, I, as a human, could not fully comprehend. I listened to the tale of a race who had left this station a hundred years ago to return to their home planet. I heard of how their crafts had been constantly attacked by a rebellious force in this part of the solar system. As they themselves put it:-

"We needed raw materials and labour forces from nearby planets to expand our fleet of space-stations. Our requirements were to make progress and naturally become a powerful force in the solar system. It was beyond our understanding as to why the people of these races would not provide the service, after all, their own planets had no future, such was their lack of knowledge. Our lives were short, nobody lived above the age of forty, so we needed this extra labour force, that our work might be completed. It was beyond our understanding why these people rejected our trust. We gave these ungrateful people a life they did not deserve, now we wished for the destruction of their races and others, as only in solitude could we complete our aim. We must congratulate you on disarming our ambush attempt, your knowledge must be even above the level of our own, and perhaps one day you and your race might even threaten the safety of our own..."

I WAS SICKENED by such conceited words, I pondered on the image of the blood of millions lying on their hands. I contemplated such a race, one that had learnt all that was desirable in technology, and then began to forget the basic laws of liberty, these outstanding features of my own planet. How could I possibly understand a race like this, who forgot how to learn. From this stage onwards my life took on a new meaning, I realised that living itself was the greatest gift.

+++++

I'LL NEVER KNOW why I was not destroyed when coming into the range of the space-station, I could only assume that as psychologically deep in mind I didn't want to live, I was spared as a punishment in itself. Such perhaps was the extent of the deep-rooted evil of this long gone race. I was now eager to refind my own people, and not to spurn them. I wished only to wipe from my mind the memory of this race and the crimes they had committed, the greatest sin of all, to take the lives of people who have no reason to die. The station would supply my every need, such was the extent of the advanced developments in all fields throughout the universe. Now I could only send out radio signals and wait. I cared not how long because I knew I would soon find my own people. Oh, how fortunate fate had been to me. Perhaps Commander Davidson had died for my own salvation, then I remembered the man I had ~~known since childhood~~ read of since school, a man who also had died that mankind could live on, so that human beings could find themselves. THE END.

PATRIK FITZGERALD GROUP & THE RAINCOATS & POP GROUP... CITY UNIVERSITY LONDON.

Name

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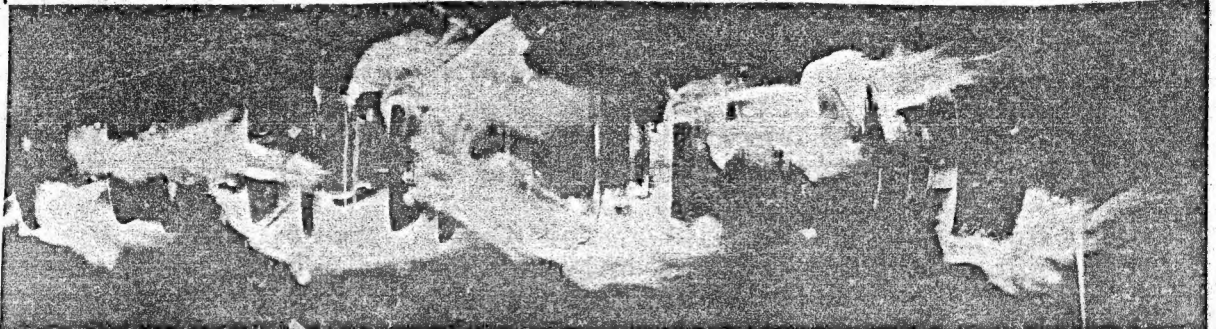
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Pop Gospel

The Patrik Fitzgerald Group) PATRIK CAME ON WITH HIS TWO COHORTS, LESTER + COUN, WHO I THINK MADE THEIR DEBUT WITH PATRIK IN THE LAST 4 MONTHS OF '79. ALL THE SONGS WERE NEWER ONES, AND THE SOUND WAS MORE NOTICEABLY ELECTRONIC THAN ANY PREVIOUS SET I'D SEEN, DUE TO A SYNTHESIZER. MOST SONGS WENT UNANNOUNCED, BUT AMONGST THOSE I KNEW WERE WAS "ONE LITTLE SOLDIER", WITH PATRIK ON SYLOPHONE. HE, SURPRISINGLY ONLY USED THE ACOUSTIC GUITAR ON 2 OR 3 NUMBERS. BUT AS USUAL THE PERFORMANCE WAS WARM, ENTHUSIASTIC AND INTIMATE, BUT IT LACKED THE ESSENCE OF POWER PRESENT AT THE HOPEW'ANCHOR.

The Raincoats UNFORTUNATELY, I MISSED MOST OF THE RAINCOATS. I SAW THE FIRST 2 NUMBERS (INCLUDING THE 'ADVENTURES CLOSE TO HOME') AND, THOUGH A SEASONED RAINCOATS FAN, THOUGHT THEY WERE BORING, HOWEVER, AFTER QUEUING FOR AGES FOR A DRINK, I CAME BACK DOWN FOR THE LAST 4 NUMBERS AND THEY WERE BRILLIANT! I ALMOST WISHED I'D STAYED DOWNSTAIRS, BECAUSE AS THE AUDIENCE GOT MORE INTO IT, SO THE GROUP THEMSELVES IMPROVED. THE HARMONIES ON THE ENCORE WERE HEARTWARMING AND THE NEW DRUMMER SOUNDED JUST AS GOOD AS PAM OLIVE ON THIS SHOWING. LIKE SCRITTI POLITTI, PART OF THEIR VIRTUES IS THE ELEMENT OF EMOTION IN THEIR TUNES AND THE



LOVELY POLKINESS ABOUT THE SOUND, AND IT WORKS WELL WITH BOTH GROUPS. THE RAINCOATS ONLY PROBLEM, I THINK, IS THAT, THOUGH MOST MEN IN THE AUDIENCE WERE RECEPTIVE, THEY APPEAR TO SOME AS CUTE, A REACTION WHICH DEFEATS THEIR PURPOSE. IT WOULD BE A REAL SHAME IF NO MORE PEOPLE LISTENED PROPERLY TO THEM AS THEY SET BISSER, BECAUSE THEY HAVE WORTHY IDEALS AND WORTHY IDEAS.

THE POP GROUP I'M IN TWO MINDS ABOUT THE POP GROUP. CERTAINLY, THEIR BRAND OF DISCORD-FUNK IS VERY EXCITING LIVE AND THEIR SENTIMENTS ARE GREAT, BUT I'M NOT SURE THEY DO ANYTHING MORE ABOUT CAMBODIA OR OPPRESSION THAN ANYONE ELSE. NO AMOUNT OF SHOUTING AND DANCING WILL CHANGE AN AWFUL LOT, THOUGH SOME PEOPLE MIGHT BE INSPIRED TO HELP BY THEIR LYRICS. DESPITE THIS DOUBT, I ENJOYED THEIR SET, THOUGH IT WASN'T HALF AS GOOD AS AT THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM BEFORE CHRISTMAS. THEY DID A SMASHING VERSION OF "PROSTITUTES" AT THE END, THOUGH, AGAIN, THE LYRICS POINT OUT THE OBVIOUS AND, ANYWAY, SUBURBAN JET SAID THE SAME THING 3 YEARS AGO WITH "NOBODY'S SCARED". "FEED THE HUNGRY" WAS THE ENCORE, AND "ROB A BANK" "FORCES OF OPPRESSION" AND "THERE ARE NO SPECTATORS" WENT DOWN WELL. A DIFFERENCE FROM LAST YEAR'S SET WAS AT LEAST 2 NOS. MADE UP ON THE SPOT - PERHAPS THEY'D BEEN WATCHING SCRITTI POLITTI. WITH A KICK UP THE ARSE, THE POP GROUP WILL BE GREAT, BUT NOW THEY DON'T HIT THE MARK WELL ENOUGH, OFTEN ENOUGH.

DAVE

US NAUGHTY 'BRAVE NEW SOLDIER' BOYS ENCOURAGE DRUG-TAKING!!!

'A wonderful night's sleep without coughing and wheeziness'



Wouldn't it be wonderful to have a good night's sleep without the chesty catarrh, wheeziness, and thick cough

that so often accompanies that beastly bronchial cough. You waken exhausted although you've hardly been to sleep at all! Now you can "get it off your chest" with DO-DO.

If you suffer from bronchial cough or bronchial asthma you, too, could gain substantial relief from DO-DO. At your chemist now.

(A photographic model has been used in this advertisement)

DO-DO

Prepared for the relief of

CHESTY COUGHS and BRONCHIAL ASTHMA ATTACKS

ORANGE CARDIGAN; CRANBROOK

ORANGE CARDIGAN ARE:-

"STITCH" : bass
PAUL : guitar + vocals and
LEE : drums

Before I went to see the Orange Cardigan, I did not know what to expect. I had heard that they were "great", "terrible", "like the Fall" (they're not), "wierd"; "SOME OF THAT" fanzine had raved over them. I managed to bag a lift down to Ilford in the group's van and had a chat with them before they went on. It seems they are all into the wierder side of the new wave, a factor which shows in their music. Anyway, on they came and I was surprised - they were really good. They are prime exponents of the medium dischord, with the singer as the focus of the group. When not singing, he makes amazing whistling and groaning sounds and, though it wasn't much in evidence that night, I'm assured he's a real lunatic when he gets going. Their best numbers were, "NO ROMANCE IN CHINA", "LIFE MACHINE", "DON'T SLEEP IN THE SUBWAY" and their top in my opinion - "THIEVES IN THE NIGHT". Another goodie was "ASTRONAUT" with the really corny lyrics: "She fell in love with an astronaut/she was over the moon." The guitarists' instrument is amazing (whoops...), covered in bits of tinfoil, matchboxes and nuts and bolts, and sounds like it looks - crazed! The rhythm section was good, though it stuck to a pretty ordinary beat. I reckon they should leave more rhythm gaps in the songs. O.C. are very promising indeed and well worth seeing soon for what they are now, and even more so for what they could be.....DAVE

DEUTCHES AMÉRICANISCHE FREUNDSCHAFT

D.A.F. HAVE played quite a few good gigs since they came over here from Germany a short while ago; I saw them at the M supporting the Fall and liked them. They played for approximately 20 minutes without any gaps in between, because they can't speak much English, with an encore of about 1½ minutes. They surprised quite a few people, alienated even more, and have a line-up of guitar, synth, drums and vocals, with the synth providing most of the bass and a few of the treble bits. The guitarist hardly ever played chords, but concentrated on harmonics and scribbly bits of lead, whilst the drums were at the front of the stage pounding out tribal rhythms. They looked and sounded like similar to some of the better modern English groups, most of them, like D.A.F., have been influenced by earlier

↑ POSSIBLY AN INTER-
VIEW IN ISSUE 3? ↑

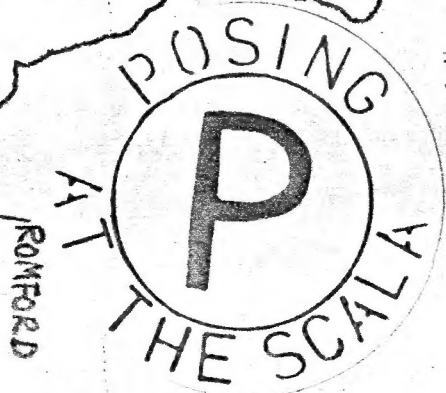
German bands anyway. It would be a shame if they were overlooked in the mad rush for hip "post-modernist" bands (do we really need a label just to make journalist's jobs easier?) because, unlike some, their music could well surprise and convert a lot of people, and they have been overlooked lately, hence this article. Try their single, "KEBABTRAUME" for a taster.

DAVE.

MACHINE	HAND WASH
Warm minimum wash (40°C)	Warm (40°C)
Coldrinse Shortspin Do not wring	
TURN INSIDE-OUT TO WASH	

"You give up your virginity to become a housekeeper. Is

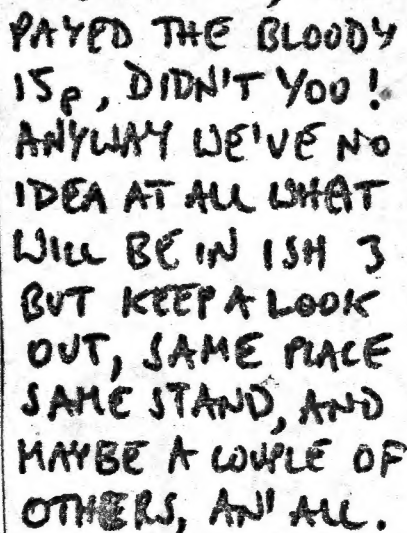
that what you girls really want?"



ON THE OUTSIDE

DUE TO LACK OF FORWARD PLANNING THE SPACE I AM WRITING ON HAS BEEN LEFT VOID OF INTEREST AND WE HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO FILL IT. APOLOGIES COULD BE OFFERED, BUT WE ARE RATHER ARROGANT YOUNG PEOPLE AND FEEL NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS. I MEAN, YOU

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IS A KILLER